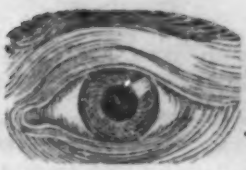
THE  EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

Vol. I.] *THURSDAY, MAY* 26, 1808. [No. 21.

Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram
Os homini sublime dedit: Cœlumque tueri
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. OVID.

Whilst other creatures prone bend to the earth,
Man views the heavens from which he had his birth.

THE poet, in the lines just quoted, has paid a very high compliment to man. It seems to bear a strict analogy with that which is given in the scriptures of truth, where the wise man describes the spirit of a beast as going downwards, and the spirit of man going upwards, the *one* returning to the dust, the *other* to GOD who gave it.

But considering man as he is, nay, as he has always been, and weighing him by his actions, from which only *we* can know his worth, would we not be led to conclude, that instead of having his views fixed on *Heaven* and futurity, his whole soul was bent down to this world, and that he had adopted this language, "this is my home here will I stay, for I do like it well."

To prove this position, I shall, in this essay, only consider that avidity with which men grasp after titles, which in themselves must be by all admitted to be a mere nullity. The rage for titulary distinction prevailed in the world at a very early period: We are told that from ESAU proceeded kings, who reigned in Edom long ere any king reigned in Israel; but shortly after, we have a title, which to this day has held its influence in the world; from ESAU sprang twelve dukes—hence the title duke can at least boast that it is supported by antiquity. The titles of king, and prince, it is true, were before this time known, but neither the one, nor the other under the

acceptation in which they now stand. Those who are acquainted with ancient history, know that the word which we have from the ancient authors translated king, among them signified only one high in command; a prince was the chief of a tribe or family, and under like acceptation a duke was no doubt a general. But is it not worthy of remark, in the unenlightened part of the world, when ignorance of truth held her reigns, titles of greatness were used as at present; they had their dukes, their lords and other dignitaries with high sounding titles; but among the worshippers of the true God, no title was found, only the term prince, which signifies a chief, until actuated by pride, stimulated by a false idea of glory, and corrupted in their simplicity of manners, by their intercourse with the surrounding nations, they demanded a king. Are we not at least by this tacitly taught, that man, in this state of probation, should not adorn himself with titles to which he in truth can have no claim. Let us consider for a moment some of those titles which have been arrogantly, I had almost said blasphemously, claimed, and then judge. The kings of England, for many centuries, have laid claim to the title of defender of the faith; alas! alas! what faith have they defended? Surely not the faith of the Author of Christianity, who, while here below, went about doing good; but the world by sad experience knows that they have, from the moment in which the flattering title was given, to the present, gone about doing evil: Yet still the title is retained, whilst the blood of millions stains the throne, and cries for vengeance on the nation; nor are the other nations less criminal in this case, his most Christian majesty! his most catholic majesty! the vicar of Jesus! God's vicegerent on earth! their high mightinesses! his serene majesty! with many others of like import, exhibit the vanity of little man in a very conspicuous point of view.

A few years ago, the friends of liberty hoped, that in Europe, the reign of chivalry was at an end; that heraldry might shut up her book, and plague us no more with her stars, escutcheons, lions rampant, fields argent, &c. they thought virtue was about to revisit the earth; virtue which alone is true greatness. They saw with a satisfaction, titles laid aside in our happy country, in which the good sense of the many prevails, indeed, so sanguine were some, that they announced the approach of the millenium, and were ready to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; but

time, that grand revealer of secrets and discoverer of events, has proved they were mistaken; man remains at present, as far as we can discern, but little improved in his condition by all the blood that has been spilt. In France, the change has been wonderful indeed; their kings, princes, dukes, viscounts, marquises, barons, bishops, we may say, have been almost all exterminated, titles were for ever abolished, and an oath taken of eternal war against them, every man declaring himself an advocate for simplicity of manners. Freedom filled every mouth, liberty was the burthen of every song from the smiling infant to the veteran graced with hoary locks. To secure this, they marched to the field of battle, braved every danger, and gloried in the arms of death! yet, what has been the result? We see her once more under the shackles of regal power! We see an *Emperor* in the place of a king; we have seen the old orders of hierarchy destroyed, and new ones now occupy their place. The titles of the present, are as high sounding as those of their predecessors, will their vanity be less? will their humility be more, while exhibited to the gaping multitudes bespangled with stars? O man, man! thou art a creature that livest in a vain show, though thy life is but a vapour, thy body a tabernacle of clay liable to be dissolved by a blast, reduced to ruin by a gnat; yet thou art proud, erectest thy head, and permittest thyself to be addressed by titles which belong only to thy MAKER! OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. XIII.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within. POPE.

TRUEMAN still supports the character of a faithful correspondent; to him am I indebted for the following section from his manuscript volume.

* * * * * * * * * * *

——— THE pale moon whose waneing orb shed a faint lustre on surrounding objects, still looked forth from the southern sky, when I arose from my slumbers to hail the returning morn. During the preceding hours my repose was haunted by images formed by the creative power of Fancy; they were so various and indistinct as to leave but a

slight impression on my mind; the following however, recollection preserved.—

Before my eyes was an extensive plain, on which a numerous assemblage of persons were assiduously engaged, vieing with each other in exertions to attain the summit of an adjacent mountain, where sat, clothed in splendour, a shining form presenting to view the most alluring objects; though the declivity of this mountain reached the plain, its top was partially obscured by misty clouds, by reason of which neither the distance nor value of the enticement could be correctly ascertained; yet all pressed forward and began to ascend: Ambition proclaimed it the prize of honour, and encouraged the pursuers to emulation: The ascent was steep and difficult, and ere they had proceeded far, a difference arose respecting the path in which they should pursue their journey; thus a division was produced; those who were more positive in their conclusions rushed on with celerity, and looked with scorn on the moving multitude below, who having chosen a course which at first appeared too distant from the goal of their desires, but which promised the greater safety, were using proper precautions to avoid the dangers which might occur in such a precarious adventure. Those who were hitherto seemingly in a fair and prosperous way, having arrived at a certain part of the mountain, began to encounter unexpected difficulties, which whilst labouring to overcome, they beheld with anxiety, those whom they had before derided, proceeding with accelerated speed; in these perplexing circumstances they devised means for the discomfiture of those whose rivalship they feared, and measures were adopted to annoy the fortunate adventurers; instigated by their leader *Envy*, they lay in ambush to destroy them. But their malevolent designs proved not only abortive but were the means of hastening their own destruction; they had dipped their arrows in the poison of calumny, and emptied their quivers, but still the progress of their rivals was not impeded; on the contrary, whilst *Envy* practised every unworthy device to prevent their ascent, by gradual movements they rose to an elevated situation, whence they could securely look down on their enemies far beyond the reach of their power. Finding it impossible to injure them by the means hitherto employed, recourse was had to art, and they endeavoured to decoy them from the road; but alas! fatal to themselves were all their mischievous machinations: *Truth* healed the wounds which their arrows had inflicted,

Virtue was the unerring guide that admonished her charge of the base illusions held out by *Envy*; and she led them on till they arrived at the summit, where honour conferred on them the rich reward of their undeviating conduct; while those who sought to destroy them, having expended their time and exhausted their strength in an ungenerous contest, were unable to proceed, and to their consternation, black clouds gathered around the mountain bursting in torrents on their devoted heads and ultimately carried them impetuously down to the vale of oblivion. TIM TITULAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EYE.

SIR,

YOUR having recently inserted in your useful paper a very interesting essay entitled, "Reflections on Agriculture," *has induced me to solicit your attention to the following extract, which, if it meets your approving smile, please to afford an opportunity for your readers to derive pleasure from a perusal of it.*

Your's, *ALSTEIN.*

THE PROGRESS OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY THE REV. JAMES BANNISTER.

ARCHITECTURE, properly so called, owes its rise to agriculture; we must therefore trace its progress among those nations which were the earliest civilized.

The Egyptians, not without reason, lay claim to this honour; long before any profane histories reach; even whilst Jacob and his family led a pastoral life, we find that nation governed by a regular police; we see a king invested with all the external marks of dignity, and cities crowded with inhabitants. Afterwards, when Jacob and his family, on the invitation of Joseph, settled in Egypt, and their descendants were multiplied to a great people—the king, who dreaded their power, to divert their thoughts from any conspiracy against the government, employed them as masons and brick makers, and several cities are said so have been built by their hands. From hence it appears that the Egyptians, even at that early period, must have made considerable advances in architecture. If we consult profance historians, we shall find them unanimous in extolling the extent of Thebes, and the beauty and magnificence of its public and private buildings. Homer, in the exaggerated style of poetry, speaks of twenty thousand chariots issuing from its hundred gates. Diodorus Siculus calls it the noblest city in the world; admires its ornamental works in gold,

silver, and ivory; its colossal statues, and those immense obelisks formed of a single stone, the remains of which are yet beheld with admiration. The same historian describes the principal temple, which was to be seen in his time, as of great extent; the walls of wonderful thickness, and the decorations not less admirable for their curious workmanship than the richness of the materials; but the gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones, were pillaged by Cambyses in his invasion of that country, and which afterwards served to adorn the palaces of Persepolis and Susa; but every thing I have hitherto mentioned falls infinitely short of the tomb of Osymandes, of which our historian has given a long description. It was built of stones variously coloured, and divided into many large apartments; the greater part filled with colossal statues of men and beasts. In one part, the history of the exploits of Osymandes was engraved on the walls; in another part was seen an infinite number of statues representing an audience attentive to the decisions of a full senate—in the midst stood the judge, at his feet was placed the volume containing the laws of Egypt, and round his neck was suspended, by a string, the image of truth with her eyes shut; for a more particular account of this wonderful building, I must refer the reader to Diodorus himself; and shall only observe, that after making every allowance for the exaggeration of vanity, and even poetic fiction, enough remains to give us an exalted idea of the art and industry of the Egyptians. Why should I mention the pyramids, those external monuments of the ostentation, vanity, and cruelty of that people, or enlarge on the immense obelisks formed of a single stone, cut from a rock in upper Egypt, and from thence conveyed down their canals in boats built for the purpose, and afterwards raised to their perpendicular position by the united efforts of myriads, employed in one common work.

The Greeks derived their knowledge of architecture from Egypt. Cecrops and Danaus, with their Egyptian colony, first prevailed on them to leave their wandering life, to submit to just and equal laws, and to apply themselves to agriculture and the arts; but all that can be said of the progress made by that nation in architecture, till the time of the Trojan war, amounts to little more than conjecture. We are informed that they lived in cities and erected temples for the worship of the gods, and palaces for the residence of their princes and great men.

Theseus, one of their most celebrated heroes, is said to have united the twelve cities of Atica under one government, and to have adorned the city of Athens with many noble buildings. For the state of architecture, during the Trojan war, we must consult Homer; who, in the sixth book of his Iliad gives us an account of the magnificent palace of Priam, containing apartments for his fifty sons and daughters, built entirely of marble, and raised on arches; from which we may infer, that the Greeks had already excelled their masters, the Egyptians, in architecture; for it is remarkable, that nation never knew how to turn an arch.

We have in the same author frequently descriptions of ornaments, in gold, silver, brass and ivory; and the imitative genius of man had already displayed itself in sculpture, painting, and statuary. Mention is likewise made of stately columns, but I can see nothing like a distinction of orders in building; consequently the account given by Vitruvius of the invention of the Ionic order, the honour of which he attributes to Ion, the son of Xuthus, must be rejected as fabulous as well as the Doric order, which he affirms to have been invented by Dorus, a prince of Achaia.

The misfortunes of the princes engaged in the siege of Troy, have proved a copious subject for the epic and tragic muse. We see Ulysses wandering for ten years through various climes, and driven on savage and inhospitable coasts—Agamemnon murdered by his wife; Idomeneus and Diomede forced from their native soil, and obliged to seek shelter in a foreign country; during this state of anarchy, confusion, and civil war, it is impossible that the arts could flourish: But when the storm subsided, and Orestes was firmly established on the throne of Argos, Mycenæ, and Sparta, during his long and happy reign, and that of his immediate successor, architecture, with the other arts revived. *(to be concluded.)*

SELECTED.

THE STUDENT'S MIDNIGHT TALE.

(concluded from page 239.)

A FIGURE, drawn by the expression of the variest grief, in anguish mourned at his feet; a female, which shewed the ruins of beauty, obscured, yet made more venerable by the shade of distress.—Now she clasped his knees—then threw herself back, as if to contemplate the sum of her afflictions. Her every

attitude wore the air of dejection and sorrow; in her look seemed to hover distraction; she tore the lovely tresses from her head—she kissed the old man's brow—she wept on his bosom—and wiping the tears away, she sighed as her heart were breaking.—She could be none else but his daughter. "I am an harmless maiden," she cried, when the tumult of her grief permitted her to turn her eyes towards me—"let me alone—I shall soon follow my father!" What of life remained from the cold, now yielded to the oppression of grief; my head sunk to the earth, and my sense of pain was a long while extinguished.—My first returning sensation was doubtful between that and pleasure. I saw the form of filial love—her hand I felt on my temple—but I heard a voice which almost discouraged me from a wish to return to a world of woe. "Why camest thou here to die? Is there no other place for a scene of sorrow but this? Yet I would not have thee die, perhaps thou art sent hither by Heaven, to bury my poor father and me. Poor wretch! Thou art cold as my lifeless parent. Get thee up from the ground—I would not that a fellow mortal should languish on the ground whilst I have a bed. Thou shall lie in mine till thy health is restored—I would thou couldst find it warm, for sure thou art perishing—but there has been nobody in it for a long time—my father's feet have been my couch—and I fear thou wilt likewise find it wet with my tears. Thou canst rise—oh! could I but so raise my father—but he has been dead these thirty hours—I have reckoned them—I will bewail him an hour for every year of his life—and then I myself will die, unlamented!—Alas! I have two days yet to survive. Forgive me, my father! I am not wearied with mourning—but oh! I have cause to be wearied with life!"

"Nay, you shall be judge (said this lovely disconsolate, next day, when her cares and my own endeavours had been sanctioned by the blessing of Heaven, to restore me again to the expectation of life and vigour) you shall be judge, when you have known my troubles—I will be calm till I tell them. You see my poor father stretched on an humble bed, in his youth he was accustomed to one more stately; I was three years old, when he changed domestic tranquility and private honours for the hazardous occupations of a camp. He fought with his friends—but against the laws of his country; the event of rebellion drove him a fugitive among the mountains. My mother, it seems, would not follow, either his defection

with her wishes, nor his fallen fortune with her love. His only pleasure that remained was, in this hovel, to act to me a double parent's part; and in a seclusion of fifteen years, he had both learned himself to forget the world, and taught me to despise it. Half a year ago, in a town whither paternal indulgence had suffered me to go, but whither a parent durst not accompany me, I was seen, and thence followed to my retirement by a man who said he was in love;—but that could not be—for he was a villain. To him the person of my father was known—by his means he is now cold as the clay.—Unless I would become the dishonoured pledge of a parent's safety—such was the audacious proposal made!—that parent was to be persecuted and betrayed. By arts, which should not be mentioned but to curse them, my father was driven to seek his lodging, for three long nights, under the covert of these snowy hills; the next, a more miserable relic of cold and hunger than you, he crept over his own threshold—but to die.—No mortal has since entered this cottage—'tis far to any house—I have not quitted his bed since he expired, and never would, had I been left alone. 'Tis a pity"—Here she began to grow wild in her manner—"the old man died ere you came; you would have found him a more agreeable companion than his daughter.—She, too, was once as mirthful as innocent—as mild as an evening breeze—but all is now troubled within; and the stream of life is made muddy by the merciless blasts of fortune. But what are my sorrows to you? My father said, that pity, though it was precious, was rare as honesty or religion.—Come and help me to bury my father! Let us lay him in some green plat of ground, in some lone valley, where the spring does not pass without leaving a flower and the sod will not wither in winter!" I could not well delineate passions—but I felt them. How much did I wish that maid at that moment, had been my sister! I still resolved to do the duty of a brother, of a Christian, of a man; to see the old man laid in a grave, and his daughter separated from sorrow. Little preparation was needed for the first—two or three herdsmen were procured, and though "dust to dust" was not said, it was significantly meant, and the consignment was equally secure. In the latter intention I was prevented by a rashness I much dreaded, but against which my anxieties arose too late to guard; while I bore the father's head to a distant church-yard, and with sighs, laid him in the ground; only two women bore his weeping child company in the cottage;

and their observation she easily eluded. It was but a little way to the period of earthly sorrow, the pool was nigh, and the late floods made it deep—the frost had but yet usurped its borders—the middle was left for the victim of despair. There I found her at my return—I buried her beside her father, and "the world has not appeared to me the best that may be" ever since. It is now nineteen years since this happened to me, and yet I often seek the solitary corner; and, when no distresses more near oppress me, shed a tear to the memory of *Lucy Watson*.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF DELICACY OF SMELL.

From the Memoirs of the Academy of Copenhagen.

THE blind man of Utrecht, of whom Boyle speaks, and many others, were able to distinguish colours by the touch. It is not less singular that some can distinguish metals by their smell. Martial speaks of a man named Mamurra, who had to consult his nose whether the brass which was brought him was pure Corinthian brass or not. There are some Indian merchants who possess a still more delicate faculty of smelling, for according to the relation of some travellers, if a piece of money be given them, they have only to smell it to ascertain its goodness and value, without using the touch-stone scales or dissolvants. If a piece of copper plated over with silver, be given to them, they discover the artifice by the same means.

There have been in Europe some persons whose sense of smelling has not been less subtile and delicate. Marco Marci speaks of a monk of Prague, who, if any thing was put into his hands, could distinguish by the smell, as certainly as a dog with a good nose, to whom it belonged, or through whose hands it had passed. It is even pretended, that by the same sense, he could discover virtuous and vicious people, and particularly persons addicted to gallantry. This monk was devoted to the study of natural philosophy. Among other works which he undertook, he proposed to publish a collection of observations on the sense of smelling, after the manner of those which have long since been published on optics and acoustics. For this purpose he divided smells into distinct parts, and gave to each of them a characteristic name. But a premature death hindered him from carrying this design into execution, and cut him off in the midst of his curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers in the route from Smyrna, or Aleppo to Babylon, have signs in the middle of the deserts to designate their course. But they judge of the distance they are off from Babylon, even in the darkest night, by a sure method, which is by smelling the sand. Pehaps the scent of certain little plants growing there, may furnish them with the means of judging.

Physicians, when visiting a sick person, before having seen them often, form a prognostic of the issue of the disease, by the cadaverous smell which reaches them. But in this respect the dog far supasses man. These animals, acquainted with the scent of death before the sick person expires, express their emotion in loud cries. When I was resident at Ripen, seven years ago, I remarked a little brown dog, who announced in this way the death of several sick persons, and never, to my knowledge, was deceived as to the event.

Poetical Department.

The Editor presents the following curious production to his readers, not because he is satisfied with the correctness of all its allusions, but because there is much ingenuity plainly discovered, a quaintness of expression on the subject, and several beautiful antitheses in the piece:—That "man's origin is nothing," the Editor can never admit; we assuredly boast a higher descent, and let me also caution my readers, that altho' the piece may he admitted as a poetical effusion, it by means agrees with our religious views, or sound philosophy.

ORIGINAL.

NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing hail! 'twas heav'n's high plan,
From thee, to form it's noblest creature, man!
Nor man alone; but all creation round,
From *Nothing* came, and fill'd the gloom profound!
Parent of chaos! dark confused void;
Thou first of all, and last to be destroy'd!
Yes; *Nothing* will live, when all things are no more!
A vast unbounded sea without a shore;
Nothing, at first, was in confusion hurl'd!
An unform'd chaos! then a finish'd world!
Unshapen atoms, unto atoms join'd;
As will'd the pleasure of the eternal mind;
"Let there be light?" and light from darkness came;
Then first, by contrast, *Nothing* had it's name;

From *Nothing*, earth, seas, skies, all nature sprung!
And on superiour *Nothing*, all were hung!
Balanced on *Nothing* thro' unmeasured space
Rolls all the worlds! and *Nothing*, all embrace!
Unbounded *Nothing!* space itself by thee—
Nor space alone—but vast eternity,
Is circumscrib'd! Tho' *Nothing* thou,
To all things greater! all things must allow;
Strange, inconsistent, are thy wond'rous ways,
More bright art thou than Sol's refulgent blaze!
More dark art thou, than Egypt's darkest gloom!
When Egypt's king 'gainst heaven's, did presume
The lists to enter! and heav'n's great command,
"Let Israel go!" most madly did withstand;
For *Nothing* e'en the coward dares to die!
From thee, the vet'ran will triumphant fly!
For thee will dastards draw the patriot's blade!
While the firm patriot is of thee afraid!
And ruled by thee, will BONAPARTE repose,
And straight forget the British are his foes!
For thee resign his pow'r—ambition's joy!
Renounce ambition's self, his hopes destroy!
The haughty tyrant's of the spacious sea,
Will calmly give up all their claim to thee!
Call their strong navies from the ocean home,
That France may share the seas, and safely roam!
For thee are misers lavish of their pelf!
Possessing thee, e'en avarice itself
Would give up all! The prodigal for thee,
Would change his pleasures, and a miser be!
The honest man for thee becomes a knave,
And he who values liberty a slave!
While the glad slave, for thee would break his chain,
And in his turn o'er his task-master reign!
Nothing! superiour *Nothing!* ever brings,
Where'er applied; strange inconsistent things;
What is more wise than wisdom? the reply
Is, *Nothing: Nothing!* who will dare defy?
I dare! replies the coward; while the brave
From *Nothing* flies, to *Nothing* is a slave!

—The good man's fear, the atheist's fatal prop!
The saint's alarm! the devil's lasting hope. E.